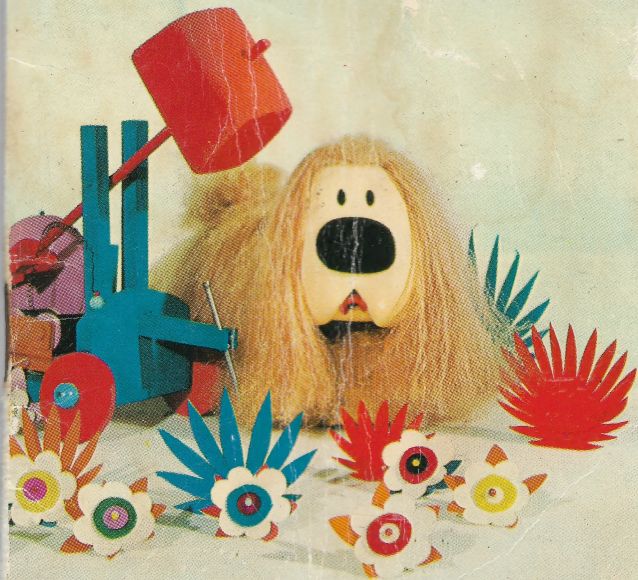
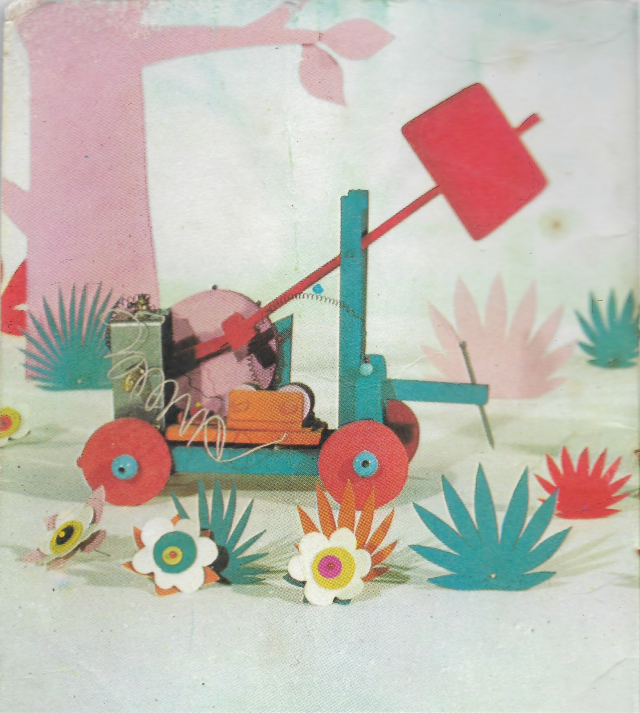


DOUGAL'S TREACLE-DIGGER



An Odhams Magic Roundabout Mini-Book



Dougal is very excited. With his new treacle-digger machine he is going



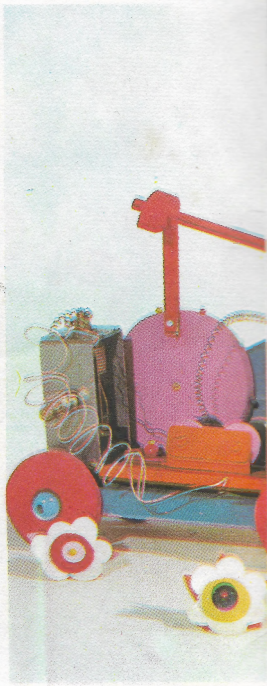
to search for treacle. "This map will show me where to look," he says.



"There is a dreadful noise coming from somewhere," says Florence.



"I don't know where it is coming from," says Zebedee. "I wish I did."



"So it is you!" says Florence, when she comes on Dougal and the machine.



"All that terrible noise is coming from that machine of yours, Dougal!"



"I am digging a treacle well," says Dougal. "And, yes, yes, I have struck



oil, I mean treacle, at last! The treacle is coming up. Wonderful!"



"That's not treacle!" says Florence.
"It can't be. It's the wrong colour."



"Dear, dear, so it is!" says Dougal.
"I wonder what it is? My map says
there is treacle right here, Florence."



Mr. MacHenry has come on his tricy-
bus to see his new flowers.



"My goodness me!" he cries in dismay.
"What is wrong with my flowers?"



"I know where that red stuff comes from, Dougal," cries Florence.



"Your treacle-digger has gone into
Mr. MacHenry's colouring pipe!"



Mr. MacHenry is angry. "You've pierced my colour pipe," he cries. "I can no



longer get the red to my flowers.”
Dougall begs Zebedee to come quickly.



"Here I am," says Zebedee. "And look, the red is back in the flowers!"



Poor Dougal! He won't ever dig for
treacle again. He will stick to sugar!

